

LAZARRE

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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BOOK III.
CHAPTER V—(Continued).
"YOU swore at Mittau?"
"I perjured myself."
"Well, what are you doing now?"
"I am a man in falling health. Believe me, I have come to tell you the truth."
"Do you think you can do it?"
"I will," said Belleguer. "I remind you of King Louis XVIII." I reminded him.
"He is not my King."
"Taken your pension away, has he?"
"I no longer receive anything from that court."
"And your daughter?"
"He was left in Europe."
"Look here, Belleguer. Why did you treat me so? Dauphin or no dauphin, what harm was I doing you?"
"I thought a strong party was behind you. And I knew there had been double dealing with me. You represented some invisible power tricking me."
"I was beside myself, and faced it out. In Mittau, I have been used shamefully, and thrown aside when I am falling. Hiding from me the hills ruined my health."
"Let us get to facts, if you have facts. Do you know anything about me, Belleguer?"
"Yes, sire."
"What am I?"
"Louis XVII of France."
"What proof can you give me?"
"First, sire, permit a man who has been made a wretched tool to implore forgiveness of his rightful sovereign, and give me a little help to reach a warmer climate before the rigors of a northern winter begin."
"Belleguer, you are entrancing," I said. "Why did I ever take you seriously? The Pelagius was a grim joke, and I hope you had better take yourself off now and keep on walking until you come to a warmer climate."
He wrung his hands with a gesture that touched my natural softness to my enemy.
"Talk, then. Talk, man. What have you to say?"
"This, first, sire. That was a splendid dash you made into France."
"And what a splendid dash I made out of it again, with a gendarme in my coat tails, and you behind the gendarme!"
"But it was the wrong time. If you were there now—the French people are so changeable."
"I shall never be there again. His Majesty the eighteenth Louis is welcome. What the blood stirs in me to know is, have I a right to the throne?"
"Sire, the truth as I know it, I will tell you. You were the boy taken from the Temple prison."
"Who did it?"
"Agents of the Royalist party whose names would mean nothing to you if I gave them."
"I was placed in your hands?"
"You were placed in my hands to be taken to America."
"I was with you in London, where two Royalists who knew me recognized me?"
"The two De Ferriers."
"Did a woman named Madame Tank see me?"
"Belleguer was startled."
"You were noticed on the ship by a court-lady of Holland; a very clever courtier. I had trouble in evading her. She suspected too much, and asked too many questions; and would have you to play with her baby on the deck, though at that time you noticed nothing."
"But where does the idiot come into my story?"
"Sire, you have been unfortunate, but I have been a victim. When we landed in New York, I went directly and made myself known to the man who was to act as purveyor of your majesty's pension. He astonished me by declaring that the dauphin was already there, and had claimed the pension for that year."
"The country and the language were unknown to me. The agent spoke French, it is true, but we hardly understood each other. I supposed I had nothing to do but present my credentials. Here was another idiot—I crave your majesty's pardon."
"Quite right—at the time, Belleguer."
"—drawing the annuity intended for the dauphin. I inquired into his rights. The agent showed me papers like my own. I asked who presented them. He knew no more of the man than he did of me. I demanded to face the man. No such person could be found. I demanded to see the idiot. He was shut in a room and fed by a hired keeper. I sat down and thought much. Clearly it was not the agent's affair. He followed instructions. Good! I would follow instructions also. Months would have been required to ask and receive explanations from the court of Monsieur. He had assumed the title of Louis XVIII, for the good of the royalist cause, as if there were no prince. I thought I saw what was expected of me."
"—(As to what did you see, you unspeakable scoundrel?)
"I saw that there was a dauphin too many, hopelessly idiotic. But if he was the one to be guarded, I would guard him."
"—"Who was that idiot?"
"—"Some unknown pauper. No doubt of that."
"—"And what did you do with me?"
"—"A chief of the Iroquois Indians can tell you that."
"—"This is a clumsy story, Belleguer. Try again."
"—"If you knew so little of the country, how did you find an Iroquois chief?"
"—"I met him in the woods when he was hunting. I offered to give you to him, pretending you had the annuity from Europe. Sire, I do not know why trickery was practiced on me, or who practiced it; why such pains were taken to mix the clues which led to the dauphin. But afterward the same agent had orders to give you two-thirds and me only one-third of the yearly sum. I thought the court was in straits—when both Russia and Spain supplied it. I was not looking but a court painter. But when you went to France I blocked your way with all the ingenuity I could bring."
"—"I would like to ask you, Belleguer, what a man is called who attempts the life of his King?"
"—"Sire, the tricks of royalists pitted us against each other."
"—"That's enough, Belleguer. I don't believe a word you say, excepting that part of your story agreeing with Madame de Ferrier's. Put your hand under my pillow and find my wallet. Now help yourself, and never let me see you again."
"—He helped himself to everything except a few shillings, because his necessities were so great. But I told him I was used to being robbed, and he had seen me all the harm he could; so his hand checked me naturally followed."
"—The third to appear at my tent door was Chief Williams himself. The surgeon told him outside the tent that he was a dangerous wound. He had little hope for me, and I had indifferent hope myself, lying in torpor and finding it an effort to speak. But after several days of effort I did speak."
"—The chief sat beside me, concerned and silent."
"—"Father," I said.
"—The chief hardened near to my lips.
"—"Tell me," I begged, after resting my head on my hand.
"—The dark sullen face became tender.
"—"You was a Frenchman," he answered. "You was hunting and met him on the lake with two boys. He offered to give you a son."
"—When I rested again, I asked:
"—"Do you know anything else about me?"
"—The subject was closed between us. And of subjects were closed between the chief and me, for my face turned the wrong way. The great will of which we

The "Broad Highway" is the title of a new serial story which will begin in the EVENING LEDGER on September 14, 1915. The story is unique. In England it has had an unusual vogue, not merely because it is a well-written story, but because it describes with a truly vivid power the deeds and manners of a picturesque period.

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

know nothing, but which our faith teaches us to bridge, opened for me.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT the chief's and Skenedonk's nursing and Indian remedies brought me face earthward again, reviving the surgeon's hopes.

When blood and life mounted, and my torn side sewed up its gap in a healthy scar, adding another to my collection, autumn was upon us. From the hunting lodges on Lake George, and the Williamses, of Long Meadow, I went to the crowded capital of Washington. In the end the Government helped me with my Indian plan, though when Skenedonk and I pushed out toward Illinois Territory, we had only my pay and a grant of land. Peace was not formally made until December, but the war ended that summer.

The Oneidas were ready to follow wherever I led them. And so were many families of the Iroquois federation. But the Mohawk tribe held back. However, I felt confident of material for an Indian State when the foundation should be laid.

We started lightly equipped upon the horse paths. The long journey by water and shore brought us in October to the head of Green Bay.

Green Bay, or La Baye, as the fur hunters called it, was a little post almost like a New England village among its elms: one street and a few outlying houses beside the Fox River. The open world had been our tavern; our dog log but cast up like a burrow of human prairie dogs or moles. We did not expect to find a tavern in Green Bay. Yet such a place was pointed out to us near the fur company's block warehouse. It had no signpost, and the only visible stable was a pen of logs.

Nightfall was very clear and fair in this Northwestern territory. A man felt nearer to the sunset. The region took hold upon me; particularly when one who was neither a warehouseman nor a Canadian fur hunter, hurried in and took me by the hand.

"I am Pierre Grignon," he said.

Turned if he had held his fiddle, and indeed it upon an arm not quite so stout. I should have known without being told that he was the man who had played in the Saint-Michel cabin while Annabel de Chaumont climbed the chimney.

We sat and talked until the light faded. The landlord brought a candle, and yelped to the left, where Skenedonk had already stretched himself in his blanket, as he loved to do.

"Chambermaid, light up!"

"Madame, try to understand! I am Louis! If you forget Lazzare, try to remember Louis!"

She heard with attention, and smiled. The pressure of my arms spoke to her a little child. All other barriers which had stood between us were nothing to this. I held her, and she could never be mine. She was not ill in body; the contours of her upturned face were round and softened with much smiling. But mind-sickness robbed me of her in the moment of finding her.

"She can't be insane!" I said aloud.

"Oh, God, anything but that! She was not a woman that could be so wrecked."

Like a fool I questioned, and tried to get some explanation.

Eagle smoothed my arm, nestled her hand in my neck.

"My little boy! He has grown to be a man—while his mother has grown woe to be a child! Do you know what I am now, Paul?"

I choked a sob in my throat and told her I did not.

"I am your Cloud-Mother. I live in a cloud. Do you love me while I am in the cloud?"

I told her I loved her with all my strength, in the cloud or out of it.

"Will you take care of me as I used to take care of you?"

I swore to the Almighty that she should be my future care.

"I need you so! I have watched for you in the woods and on the water, Paul! You have been long coming back to me."

I heard Madame Ursule mounting the stairs to see if my room was in order. Who could understand the relation in which Eagle and I now stood, and the claim she made upon me? She clung to me when I took it away. I led her by the hand. Even this slight caused Madame Ursule a shock at the head of the stairs.

"M'r Williams!"

My hostess paused and looked at us.

"Did she come to you of her own accord?"

"Yes, madame."

"I never knew her to notice a stranger before."
"Madame, do you know who this is?"
"Madeline Jordan."
"It is the Marquise de Ferrier."
"The Marquise de Ferrier?"
"Yes, madame."
"Did you know her?"
"I have known her ever since I can remember."
"The Marquise de Ferrier? But, M'r Williams, did she know you?"
"She knows me," I asserted. "But not as myself. I am sure she knows me! But she confuses me with a child she lost! I cannot explain to you, madame, how positive I am that she recognizes me; any more than I can explain why she will call me Paul. I think I ought to tell you, so you will see the position in which I am placed, that this lady is the lady I once hoped to marry."
"Saints have pity, M'r Williams!"
"I want to ask you some questions."
"Bring her down to the fire. Come, dear child," said Madame Ursule, coaxing Eagle. "Nobody is there. The bedrooms can never be so warm as the log fire; and this is a bitter evening."
The family room was unlighted by candles, as often happened. For such an illumination in the chimney must have quenched any paler glare. We had a few moments of brief privacy from the swarming life which constantly passed in and out.

MRS. ELLEN PATTERSON LEFT \$16,000 ESTATE TO DAUGHTER

George Stewart Patterson Named as Sole Executor

The will of Mrs. Ellen Stuart Patterson, who died at her home, Prospect avenue and Graver's lane, Germantown, August 18, admitted to probate today, leaves an estate valued at \$16,000 to Eleanor Cuyler Patterson, a daughter of the decedent. George Stewart Patterson, a son, is named as sole executor.

In her will Mrs. Patterson expressed the wish that her daughter leave the estate upon her death to her children and grandchildren as she sees fit.

The will of Edwin F. Hinkle, 20th street and Susquehanna avenue, who died in the Woman's Homeopathic Hospital August 24, disposes of \$1500. After bequests of \$100 each to his three daughters have been deducted he leaves the remainder of his estate to his daughter, Mrs. Gertrude H. Bilyeu, who cared for him during the declining years of his life.

The will of Carl W. Goevisch, 757 South 52d street, disposes of an estate consisting principally of his house at 757 South 52d street, which he leaves to his son Charles and his daughter Anna.

Inventories filed of personal estates are as follows: Mary T. Thomas, \$32,750; George M. Thompson, \$351,711; Rosella Q. Held, \$19,331.29; Richard Ashurst Bayer, \$13,719.23; and David Buchanan, \$2563.36.

PULLED THE WRONG 'STRINGS'

"Neil, of the 17th Ward," Couldn't Impress Magistrate

"Neil, of the 17th Ward," who holds the Philadelphia record for defying things, was sentenced to ten days in the county prison today by Magistrate Glenn, of the 4th and York streets police station. He defied the Magistrate, called on "Dave" Scott, "Dave" Martin and "Dave" Lona to save him, and carelessly tossed a weighty and mysterious document on the Magistrate's desk, but "pull" failed to save him.

The youth, who is Neil Mahoney, 234 Oxford street, was arrested for creating a commotion on a 15th street trolley car early Tuesday morning, after he demanded that the car "back up" a square to let him off. His case was set for the next morning and he was released. He failed to appear, evidently having gone in search of the numerous wires he promised to pull, so a warrant was issued. Magistrate Glenn was not impressed by the paper he presented to a "That doesn't help you," he said. "You defied the transit company, the police and the court. Ten days."

MEDIA CHAUTAUQUA OPENS

Week of Lectures and Entertainments for Delaware County

The Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania started its week of lectures and entertainments at Media this afternoon, with a program said to be the best it has offered in the four years of its existence.

A parade, which marched to the tent, opened the festivities. The superintendent of the association, Mrs. Ida B. Cox, was the first speaker.

Other entertainers were Springer, master musician; Chauncey, Hawking, lecturer on the "Northern Woods"; Elmer Crawford Adams, violin wizard; Colangelo's Italian band and orchestra; Dr. Thomas E. Green, travel-lecturer; the Boston Oratorio Artists, and Robert Carsten, chronic-photographer, who will take pictures of the events of the week, which will be shown on the screen.

Explosion in Chestnut Street

A shattering crash, followed by the swift passage of a large manhole cover, at 18th and Chestnut streets, at 8 o'clock today, endangered pedestrians and gave them a thrill they will remember. One manhole sailed 25 feet into the air.

The other rose about 4 feet. It was at the southwest corner. Mounded Police- man Ellison shouted a warning when the explosion occurred and the crowds scattered. No one was hurt. Sewer gas, ignited by a spark from electric wires, is believed to have caused the accident.



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WE ARE now showing the new "VARSITY FIFTY-FIVE" in a variety of fabrics, as well as all the other smart new models from this famous house. Suits from \$18.00 to \$40.00, Autumn Overcoats from \$18.00 to \$35.00.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cordially invites you to see its new industrial Motion Pictures.

Entitled "Manufacturing and Circulating a Magazine"

In the Auditorium of the Curtis Building, Sixth street above Walnut, Friday evening, September 10; Tuesday evening, September 14, and Friday evening, September 17, at 8.15 o'clock sharp

These motion pictures, showing the interesting operations which take place in the production and distribution of the Curtis publications, are in six reels; each performance lasts two hours.

Admission by ticket only. Tickets may be procured without charge at Ledger Central, Broad and Chestnut streets, and the following branch offices:

Schneider's Pharmacy, 3017 Frankford avenue; Durbin's Pharmacy, Kensington avenue and Orleans street; Fenner's Pharmacy, N. W. corner Broad street and Columbia avenue; Shenk Bros., N. E. corner Broad and Ellsworth streets; Rumsey-Borell, N. E. corner 52d and Market streets.

Tickets to the capacity of the Auditorium only will be distributed. Guests are therefore asked to request only the number of tickets they are reasonably sure to use.